

THE 1022 43

Wounds o' the Kirk o' Scotland.

IN A
SERMON

Preach'd

In St. *Geils*, the Great Kirk in
Edinbrough, in the Year, of
our Lord, 1638.

By JAMES ROW, o' *Struan*.

To which is Added,
An ELEGY on the Reverend Mr.
Sawney Sinkler.

DUBLIN;

Printed by James Carson, in Coghill
Court, Dame-street, 1730.

111
LAWRENCE SCOTT

NOVELS

of the English Novel, from
the time of Chaucer to the present day.

8500 vols. 12m.

WILLIAM MORRIS

100 vols. 12m.
MILTON'S EPIGRAMS
in Latin and English.

DUARAY
100 vols. 12m.
DUARAY
in Latin and English.

The Wounds o' the Kirk o' Scotland.

IN A S E R M O N

Preech'd at

St. Geil's Kirk, Edingbrough, &c.

Jeremiah, xxx. Verse xvii.

For I wull restore Health unto thee, and wull heal thee of thy Wounds saith the Lord, because they called thee an outcast, saying this is Zion, whom no one seeketh after.

I Need ne trouble my self wha is mean by Zion, ye a' ken it to be the poor Kirk o' Scotland; for the Kirk o' Scotland is surely Wounded in her Head, in her Hands, in her Feet, and in her Hart.

I. The Kirk o' Scotland is Wounded in her Head in the Government.

II. In her Hands in the Disciplin,

III. In her Feet in the Worship, And

IV. In her Hart in the Doctrine.

First o' aw, *She is wounded in her Head,* The Kirk o' Scotland has gotten sick an a Clash on the Head, as has garr'd aw he Harns jep intill her Senses. First, in her seeing, for she cou'd a seen as weel as ony Christian Kirk in the wide Warld, but now she canna distinguish between VVhite and Black : Bring but Pepery before her, and she canna distinguish between that and the true Religion. Secondly the Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Hearing. The Kirk wad distinguished of Sounds, but sine the Organs war brought in, she's now as deaf as a Dore Nail. Thridly, The Kirk o' Scotland cud a Smelt as weel as ony Kirk ; she smelt se strong, that at first she cud a tald her she smelt o' the Whore o' Babel. Now, poor Sall ! ye hea seen her VVounds ! —— there she lies —— ah, ah ance —— yen dreedfu Spectacle ! Pitty her gen ye wull.

But what wad ye say to the cureing o' her Senses ; they tell us she's in as gud a case as e'er she was : And how se ? I'll tell ye ; The Kirk o' Scotland sees better than ever she did. Of aild, the Kirk saw her Ministers in gud short Cloaks, wee black Velvet Necks till them, and thir little Cloaks turn'd mere Salls till God, nor e'er the lang Goowns did ; but now ye shall see the pridefoo Prelets hurl'd up and doon the Town in Coaches : There's a bra fight for ye ! And se she sees better then ever she did.

The Kirk o' Scotland Smells better then evr

she did. And how se ? The Kirk smelt se weel
that she cud a lmented a Bishoprick ten Years
before it law ; but it may be, that he that smells
best, wull never lick's Fingers ends on't.

The Kirk o' Scotland Tastes better than ever
she did. And how ? I'll tell ye. A gud hon-
est Minister wad a been content wee a Coge
o' Milk, and a piece o' Barly Breed ; Humble
Meet indeed ; but now the Prelates wull ha
a lick o' the best o't. And se I ha doon wee
her Senses.

II. *The Kirk o' Scotland is whinded in her
Hans* ; and that I tald ye was the Descriptiⁿ o' the
Kirk. They Flightered the Kirk o' Scotland, ye
ken weel enough how they used to Flighter the
Thieus and Runnawa's, the Kirk then was beth.
First, she was a Runnawa, and that was at the
Great and Glorious time o' the Reformation,
when she cam quite awa fr^e Rome ; hard did
they follow her, and fain wad they been at her,
gin the'd gotten their Wull, she wad a been furc
o' her Leedities, or to speak mere plainly o' her
Dibills, but God be thanked they did no outtak
her yet. Secondly, The Kirk is a Thief, for
o' late she's gane awa to Rome, and stown fr
thence a their Trash and Trumpery, sick as
the Book o' Common-Prayer and Cannons. Ah
wall awa ! But what wat ye they Flightered
her wee, but wee a Silken Cord o' Canonical
Obedience to their Ordinaries, and oh, but the

take mickle delight to be bound. Weell, we war yence a bonney Kirk. As shoon as they had gotten the Silken Coard on, they made it a Cable Tew, whilk they girded sic fast, that now she canna se muckle as Fidge, but either she mun run the Danger o' blind Obediance o' the tea Hand, to accep o' a Idolatrie and Superstition Ceremonies they please to impose upon us, be Mensworn-men, na, the Kirk o' Scotland is se wounded in her Hams, that she canna make a Hammack in a cald Day.

Thirdly, *The Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Feet*; and that I saw the Worship o' the Kirk o' Scotland. The Kirk o' Scotland was yence a bonney Trotting Neag, but then she Trotted se hard that nee durst ride her but they hard riding walloping Loons the Bishops; but ne shooner had they gotten upon the Back o' her, but they Cross-linnengled and Ham-shakled her, and then she becam a bonney paceing Beast, and wow but they took great Delight to ride her, but their weery caddging her betwen Edinburgh and London, and I mickle feir, Rome too, that they haiz gotten her sick na heet Coat, that we haiz been thise Twalve Months by gear, been steering her up and down to keep her fra sounding. They did not only make a Horse o' the Kirk o' Scotland, but they made an Ass o' her; yez, they made Baalam's Ass o' her. Baalam ye a ken well enoug was gairwing an unluckey

Gate, and first o' aw, the Angel meets *Baalam*
 in a bread Geat, and the Ais fell a Boogling
 and Startling, but *Baalam* till her, and whack'd
 her, and se got by the Angel : *That was when*
Episcopacy was brought in. The second time
 the Angel meets blind *Baalam* in a streeter Gate
 then before, but *Baalam* till the Ais again, and
 got by the Angel a second Time : *That was*
when the five Articles of Perth were brought in;
 and then they gave the poor Kirk her Pakes.
 But the thrid Time the Angel meets *Baalam* in
 se strett a Gate that he cud nea woon by at aw,
 and then it pleased the Lord to open blind *Ba-*
alam's E'en, that's this happy Days Wark; now
 has God oppened aw our E'en, or else we had
 (like blind *Baalam*) been gaing an unlucky Gate,
 and riding Post till *Rome* — But what had he
 gotten behint him, wat ye? I'll tell ye! Ah,
 a nee! There was a Pock-mantle! And what
 was in't, wat ye? There was the Book of
 o' *Common-Prayer*, the Book o' *Cannons*, and the
High Commission! Bonney, bonney Geer. God
 thou kens. But when the Ais cudna get by the
 Angel, she fell a flinging and Plunging, and
 our gangs the Pock-mantle, it hangs by the
 Strings on the tea side, and off taws blind *Ba-*
alam, he hands by the Hough on the other side,
 fain wad the ald Carle bein on again, and wad
 he been content to lefft the Pock-mantle behint
 him; but my Beloved, take Tehr, let not the
 fat Swinger get on again, for gin he gets on a-
 gain

gain, he'll certainly get on the Pock-mantle
alſe, and the Lord kens what will be doon wee
the Geer.

Fourthly, *The Kirk o' Scotland is wounded in her Hart*, and that I tald ye was *the Doctrine o' the Kirk o' Scotland*, and that is *Pepery and Arminism*, whilk are very rife in our Kirk and Schools. Na, there are ſome o' ye wha are ſitting here, wha hears me the *Day*, that has not wiſh'd yer ſels a hundred times out o' the Kirk, when ye heard aw the packey ſtuff that came fre *Rome*. Yea he heard me my Brethren, mony a time compare our Lord Jesus and the Kirk the gether, for ye ken he's the *Heed*, and the Kirk's the Body. Ye alſe ken that our Saviour e'er he enter'd the Ministry, was carried by *Lucifer*, (gud God bleis us) intill the Woldernes, and there he was tempted Forty lang *Days* by the mickle Deel, and was rejected and ſet flight o' by aw ; but as ſhoon as he began to wark his Miracles, he was carried intill *Jeruselam* in triumph : Then nething was in their Mooths but *Hosanas*, *Blessed is he that cometh in the Name o' the Lord*. The next word we heard was, that thry cam wee *Swords*, *Halbert*, and *Jether-Slasses*, fre the High Priests till apprehend him. Juſt ſe it is wee the poor Kirk o' Scotland for this Year by gean, ſhe has ſat desolate in the Woldernes, contemned by aw, cared for by nene ; but now is the glorious *Day* ſhe is riding till

till Jerusalem in Triumph, now there is nething in our Mooths bat *Husannas*; but tak heed, when they come wee Swords and Jester-staves fre the *High Priests*, that some o' ye dinna like Peter, show a pair o' Heels, and rin awa and forsake her.

My Brethren, They did not only make a *Horse* and an *Aff* o' the *Kirk o' Scotland*, but they betray'd her. Ye ken wha betray'd our Saviour! They betray'd him that forshook him, they aw betray'd him that war silent in se good a Cause, they betray'd him that accus'd him, that judged and condem'd him. But whar will ye find the fase Judas aw the while? And now I'll tell ye a Tale, (I dar ne say there is ony Truth in it) ye shal he't as had it when I was a wee Lady gaing till the School. There was a hopeful Theologue, wha is now ne sma Man o' the Land; and preeching on the very Words o' *Judas*, *What wull ye gee me, and I'll Betray him?* The young Theologue learn'd it se weel, that he coud tal'd it in Letin and Scots, *Quid dabes mihi & fraudam illum. What will ye gee, &c.* There was a gud Man sitting at the fit o' the Pulpet, wha standing up, and luking him foo in the Face, said, *Marry, I wull gee ye a gudd fat Bishoprick, and then I am sure ye wull betray him.* Wha has betrayed the Kirk? The Kirk o' *Scotland* was yence a bonney Grammer School; and weel I wat, she had Skill in *Regimen* and *Concordantia*, cou'd hea made a piece o' bonney

bonney Latin ; for every thing she did, it was da Regulam, or if she committed a Faut, she was sure o' O pande Manum. — But afterwards when she went till the College, she tuk mere Liberty, and first she began we Rethorick, and instead o' proper speeking, she learn'd nething but *Alegories* and *Heyporbol's*. Then she came till her *Logick*, and instead o' true Demonstration, learned nething but *Honomies* and *Captious Syllagisms*. Afterwards she came till her *Æthicks*, she did ne meckle trouble hersel wee them, but studied the *Politicks*, and that se weel, that she turned aw Religion into mere *Policy*; for *Metaphysics* she kens are *Ens*, and that mun be *Unum verbum & Bonum*; but this was our high a Theam for her, therefore she studdies mere the *Physicks*, and turned aw intil *Matera Prima*, and by this means has made hersel capable of ony Form they pleese to impose upon her.

[After he had done his Sermon and Prayer, he stood up, gave the Blessing, and then said as follows.]

IKen weel, it is no the fashon o' the Place to say ony thing after Prayer, but I had se mickle to say, that yea Thing dang anither Thing out o' my Heed, therefore I mun beg leeve too add a Word or twa mere.

And First, I'll speek till ye wha are o' the College o' Justice. And why will ne ye subscribe the

Covenant? Ye'll say ye are Employ'd by his Majesty in some special Affairs, and se ye canna subscribe. Here's a bra Answer! I'lt not? The meanest Man that gathers twenty Mark per Annum for the King, will hea this Hole to creep out at. Let me tell ye, there is but yea Man between God and you, get by that Man and ye'll get till God.— And in the second Place, Why dinna ye Noblemen subscribe the Covenant? Ye will say, *Notimerangere.* However I'll gee ye a Tuch. Ye will say ye mun Ride in Parliament Order, let the meanest Fock subscribe foremost, and ye'll come after. Is this right now? Na, na. Ye hea a fashion in the Sooth perts, that when ye come till a Ford, the Jackman muh venter our first on his dancy wee Naggie, if he gangs our, and comes back again, up comes the Leard weel mounted on his stately Steed, and our gangs he. This is ne right at aw. Now we that are Highlanders he a better Fashion, for when we come till a Ford, we are leath till leave yen behint us, wherfore we joyn Oxter till Oxter, and Arm till Arm, and loup in aw the gether, se that if yen is drown'd, aw is drown'd. Even se here, fet yer hand till the Covenant, if yen perish, let aw perish.

I'll speek a word till ye wha are o' Town Cuncil o' *Edinburgh*: And why wull na ye subscribe the Covenant, ye wull say ye are Employed in some Office this Year, stay till it is out, and then ye'll subscribe. Her'e a braw Answer

Answer, I'ft na ? It may be God wull get the Wark doon before the next Year : And whar wull yer Thanks be then ? Get yer Clarks Register, and search our the Row, and see gen ever the Town o' *Edinbrough* suffered in joyning wee the Kirk o' *Scotland*.

Last o' aw, I'll speek a word till ye wha are Strangers. [Then turning where the Provost and Bailiff of Aberdeen sat, he said] And why wull ne ye subscribe the Covenant ? It may be whan ye cam frē Heme, ye cam about yer Civil Affairs, and resolved not to subscribe the Covenant. VVeel then, tak my Advice, I say, *Aberdeen's-men*, and * *Tak yer Word again*; and ge Heme, and drink o' the Cup o' † *Bona-concord*, joyne till the Kirk o' *Scotland*, subscribe till the Covenant, and se farewell.

* They use to upbraid *Aberdeen Men*, in not standing to their Bargan. *Hut awa ! Tak yer Word again.*

† *Bona-concord*, is the Motto of *Aberdeen*. When a Man is made Free of the Town, they used to drink out of a large Cup, which they call *Bona-concord*.

A N
 E L E G Y
 O N T H E
 Reverend Mess *Sawney Sinckler*,
 Wha deperited out o' this Warld the First o'
 April, the Year o' our Lord, 1722.

THeir Harts mun be as hard as Stean,
 That wonet Rift, and Greet & Grean,
 For Revd. *Sawney Deed and Gean*: }
 He was a gracious Godly Preecher,
 Alias, *A Conven-tickle Teecher*,
 Yet had (unless the *Synod Lees*)
 As gud a right to keep the Kees,
 As ony Priest beneath the *Lift*,
 Fre Pepe o' *Roome*, till Parson *Sw——ft*;
 Or fre Ald Fether *Lin-de-ye-see*,
 To foolish Flogging *Punn-fibee*.
 Besides the Kees to stick an' open,
 He was equipp'd, the mere betoken,
 Wee *Peter's Slachy* in his Belt,
 Wha's Rankor money a Wretch has felt;
 For he therewith would slash a Sinner,
 As Cooks do Collops for yer Dinner;

And stub'ron Mortals wad se mumble,
 Until they'd truckle very humble,
 Nor dar'd to Yowl, or Growl or Grumble.
 Then like a Skillfoo *Sall Physician*,
 For Offerings sma— but large Contrition,
 With Spiritual Potions, pills and Plasters.
 Would Purge an' Heal their ald Disasters.

He a Successor ! He a Priest !
 It gars me Lagh ----- 'Tis sick Jeest !
 He was ne mere like yen o' These,
 Either in his Carcass or his Clease,
 Than Heeland Runt's like *Linchulln-Heffer*,
 Or wrinkled Boyse, like Rosey *Trevor*.

Had he a true Successor been,
 Whar was his spreeding Double Chin, ?
 Or Belly till his Thrapple Foo ?
 Or Riggin thick'd wee finest Woo ?
 A Coach to loll in — at his Eas ?
 Or Fook before him, on their Knees ?
 Or foorth o' Walth ? Or warldly Geer ?
 Besides some Thusand Punds a Year :

What Proofs like thir cou'd *Sawny* shew,
 That he was *Orthodox* or no ?

Had he been lineally descended,
 Fre *Paul*, or *Peter*, as pretended,
 He'd been right Sleek, and Fat, withall,
 As ony Ox, or Hogg in Stall ?
 His Nose and Gills a Crimson Hue ?
 His Checks between a Red and Blue ?

But

But ne sick Signs of his True Mission
 Appear'd ; Een by his Friends Confession.
 Yet there are monney weel I wot,
 That fancy he held forth by Rotc,
 As weel as they that do't by Note :

It mun be own'd, when a is doon,
 His *Hadding forth* was to some *Tune* ;
 But he he'er sang his Prayers I trow,
 As merry Sinners use to do ;
 He was ne gud at that ava,
 Nor learn'd t' Beg wee, *Fa, la, la.*

He was nedumb Dog ; *De ye Mark* ;
 For he cou'd Snarle, Bite and Bark ;
 And watch'd his Flock as money say,
 Right weel fre Thievs and Beests o' Prey,
 Restoring sick as ged Astray ;
 Was weel content we what they gave him,
 But never sought to *Fleece* or *Play* them.
 He pray'd as lang as he was able,
 The *Doonta'* o' the Whore o' *Babal*,
 And aw that Antichristian Rabble.
 Wee *Mahom* t, that vile Imposter,
 And aw that say their *Pater Noster*
 In Language that they dinna ken,
 And worship Deels and wicked Men.
 But wish'd lang Life and Consolation,
 To aw true Sons o' Reformation ;
 But mest o' aw, (if I remember)
 To the Kirk o' whilk he was a Member.
 And nene could blame him, I protest,
 Since he believ'd it was the best,
 But that's what I shall not contest.

He durst not wrong, he take great Pains,
And lab'rd hard for little Gains;
A thing so rare in this our Day,
When the first Motive is, the *P.A.B.*
As canting *Presbyterian* say,
C But 'tis now time here to perclose
And leave the Deed to his Repose;
Wishing we Mortals wha survive,
May watch and pray, while we'er alive,
Because it's past a aw Human Powr,
To Ken, or to prolong Death's fatal Hour.

The EPI T A P H.

Last night I went and saw
The Poor Sawney Snicker's Bones:
Who had thought that he was living
Among the Antichristian Fry,
And yet, alas! poor James's Kirk, where
I found among them the Milk
And other of Ebom[da] they reverve,
Is more than odd, by een till four,
As quiet now as either lies,
They'll hear a Scuffle when they rise.

Now I am well w^t him, and I will go
Now I will go to bed, and I will go
Now I will go to bed, and I will go

